A Very Successful Interview

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A Very Successful Interview

by Thoughtsfullofbooks

Summary

Hannibal Lecter works for the school newspaper at Ravens High School.

Will Graham is the school's star baseball player and is about to lead the team to the championship game.

Hannibal needs a story for the upcoming paper and decides to interview Will. Fluff ensues.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“Alright, boys. Last game. Let’s make it a winner, shall we?” Like Crawford needed to remind the nine boys sitting on the bench in the dugout how important this final game was.

The last game of the season was finally upon them and the boys couldn’t have been more excited. A home game, nonetheless; and if they won this, they won the championship spot and had a chance to play for the state title.

“I know you all have a lot of family and friends out there in the stands right now. But, the best thing to do is just go out, block them out as much as you can, and bring home this win!” As far as pep talks before a big game went, it wasn’t the best. But all the boys still cheered when the speech ended in excitement to let out a bit of nervous energy. “Alright, everyone on the field to finish warming up; the game’ll be starting soon.” Crawford ushered the boys out and looked over his playbook one last time.

“Good afternoon, Coach Crawford.” Hannibal Lecter slipped quietly into the dugout and stood behind Crawford, blocking the exit.

Crawford jumped a bit when Hannibal spoke and spun around to face him. “Lecter. How do you do that?”

Hannibal cocked his head to the side in question. “Do what, sir?”

“Sneak up so quietly behind people. I never seem to hear you coming. I just turn around and you’re there all of a sudden.”

The corner of Hannibal’s mouth twitched up a bit to form a half smile on his face. “I apologize, sir. I didn’t mean to scare you.”

“What?” Crawford spluttered. “No, you don’t scare me -- that’s not what I --.” He cleared his throat to regain some composure. “What are you doing here, Lecter.”

Hannibal let his smile claim his full face and grinned from ear to ear. He also lifted up a camera to eye level from where it was slung from a cord around his neck. “School newspaper. I’m doing a piece on the success of the school’s baseball team. Quite an interesting season we’ve had this year.”

Crawford quirked up an eyebrow. “You did the last piece for the paper two weeks ago. I thought you and Lounds switched off every other one.”

“We do. However, I --,” Hannibal searched for the right word -- “persuaded Freddie to let me do this one today.”

“Really? I didn’t expect this to be your type of scene.” Crawford gestured to the field.

“Well, if you prefer Freddie I can certainly call her and she could come down here instead.” Hannibal turned to go and only stopped when Crawford called out behind him.

“No! Don’t call Lounds, She’ll make us look like fools in the paper. Even if we win.”

Hannibal turned back around and smiled once more. “Don’t worry, Coach, I’m not going to call her. I’m not heartless. I would like to interview one of your players though,” Hannibal said, getting back on track.

Crawford rolled his eyes. “Oh yeah? Which one?” He said sarcastically.

Hannibal pretended to think for a moment, looking into the field to survey the players and searching for one in particular. “Will Graham?” He finally suggested, a look of total innocence on his face.

“Graham, huh? Shocking.”

“Well, he does give me the best story whenever I interview him.”

Crawford also looked out to the field to find Will, who was stretching and chatting with another player, Matthew Brown. “Yeah, I bet he does. Just make sure he’s back before the game starts. Graham!” Crawford yelled out to Will and waved him over.

Will jogged over to the dugout. His face lit up as he saw Hannibal standing there but he resisted the urge to run straight into his arms. “Yeah, Coach?”

“Interview time. Smile big.” Crawford waved in the general direction of Hannibal and then out the door to the dugout to the nearby field.

“Yes, sir.” Will followed Hannibal’s lead out the door and behind the dugout so they could have a little privacy from everyone at the game.

Will caught the eye of some of his teammates as he and Hannibal left, hand in hand, to behind the dugout. Some of them gave him a thumbs up, others gave him a quick wink, Will flashed them a smile back but then waved them away.

As soon as the two were away from the prying eyes of the public, Will grabbed the collar of Hannibal’s jacket and pulled him into a hard kiss.
Hannibal quickly closed the remaining distance, albeit a small one, between them and grabbed Will’s hips to push him flush against him. Will backed them up until he hit a wall and then pulled Hannibal impossibly closer, then became annoyed when something blocked their chests from touching.

“Oh, watch the camera, love. Mrs. Bloom will have my head if something happens to it.” Hannibal pulled back just enough to speak, his nose brushing Will’s as he did so.

Will pulled back as well, let his head hit the wall behind him, and looked down at the camera. He thumbed the top of the lens for a moment and hummed in thought. “Well, we can’t have that, now can we?” Will pulled the camera strap over Hannibal’s head in one swift motion and lowered it gently to the ground beside them. Will returned his hands to Hannibal, letting them slowly drift up his neck until they settled at the base of his skull. His eyes then flicked down to Hannibal’s chest for just a moment before returning to his face.

Will smirked when he got to Hannibal’s eyes. “Are you wearing my letterman jacket?”

Hannibal returned his smile. “It seemed appropriate. Given the fact that this is a very important game for you.” Hannibal reached up and pushed a stray lock of hair out of Will’s face. “But it is also to show everyone here that you are mine.” On the last word, Hannibal pulled Will into the empty space the camera once occupied so they were touching in every way possible.

“Trust me, Hannibal, everyone in school knows that I’m yours. You made that quite clear two weeks ago when that new kid came to school and tried to hit on me.”

Hannibal thought back to two weeks ago when a new nobody walked into school. She immediately acted as if she owned the place and actually managed to have a decent following of other popular students. Hannibal found out she came from a rich school where people practically fell on their knees for her. She expected the same at this school too; it would pass eventually, it always did with new students. That’s why Hannibal had no initial quarrel with her.

That is until this new girl, Molly was her name, decided to hit on Will. His Will. Apparently, no one in her new posse told her about Hannibal and Will’s relationship. Big mistake on her part. As soon as Hannibal saw Molly press Will up against his locker and lean in close to him, a possessive flame flared up inside of him and he all but yanked Will out of her grasp.

The next day, Will came waltzing into school sporting almost a dozen red and purple hickeys that trailed up and down his collarbone, a smile and look in his eyes that dared anyone to say anything about it. Molly never hit on Will again but Hannibal saw the way she looked at Will’s new marks the day after.

Coming back to the present, Hannibal pulled down the collar of Will’s jersey to look for said bruises. Unfortunately, they had all faded.
Will hooked one finger under Hannibal’s chin and made him look into his eyes. He closed the gap before Hannibal could speak again and brought their mouths together. This kiss was much gentler than the last one but the same amount of love was poured into both. Will bit on Hannibal’s lower lip, softly at first, then harder when he didn’t get the reaction he wanted.

Hannibal smiled into the kiss and complied with Will’s demands. Will smiled back and slipped his tongue into Hannibal’s mouth feeling around and drinking him in until they both had to part for breath. Neither of them went very far. Opting instead to rest their foreheads together to try to steady their breathing.

“So, you were going to interview me for the paper, huh?” Will joked.

“That was the intent, yes,” Hannibal joked back. “And I must say that you have been an excellent interviewee. So forthcoming in your answers.”

Will laughed softly, his forehead still pressed against Hannibal’s. “Well, you are a very good interviewer. So persuasive with your clientele.”

Hannibal swept Will into another kiss, making him gasp in surprise. Hannibal took the opportunity to let his tongue map the inside of Will’s mouth. The already familiar territory

did nothing to dissuade Hannibal's tongue from exploring every inch of Will's mouth, making Will moan in the process. Hannibal growled back in response, still delving deeper.

The noise of incoming students and parents pulled the two boys out of their moment and back into reality. Hannibal turned his head towards the noise and scowled at the people.

"I think that's my cue to get going," Will whispered. He nosed Hannibal under his ear and slowly started to step away. Hannibal acquiesced and let go of Will's hips, stooping down to pick up his camera and brush off invisible dust.

"Say cheese," Hannibal said and snapped a quick picture of Will when he looked at the camera. Hannibal chuckled at Will's pout. "What? I wasn't lying before. I really did come here to report for the school paper."

"Mmm hmm," Will hummed in reply. He began to walk down the hill to the field, fixing his jersey on the way down.

Hannibal licked his kiss-bruised lips once, and then followed Will, also pulling his, Will's, jacket straight and back into position.

They made it back to the field and Hannibal kissed Will on his temple. "Go win that game."

"Oh, so demanding," Will joked. "No good luck wishes?"

"Like you need luck."

Will turned so his and Hannibal's mouths were a hair's breadth apart. Not quite touching, but almost. "You are my good luck." Will glanced down to Hannibal's lips, back up to his eyes, and then turned to walk onto the field with the rest of his team. He threw a wink over his shoulder to Hannibal and tried not to notice the way his eyes bore into his back the whole game.

End Notes

Hello, all!
This is my first story that I have posted on AO3 so, first off, I would like to say thank you for reading! This is not beta read so if I made any spelling errors please let me know. I would love to hear any feedback you have as well so please don't be shy to say hi! Thank you again for reading.

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Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!